

The Keynote

The bone is a joy only when it's the forehead bone,
when it protects, does not disjoin,
as are the alkaline vertebrae
from the difficult depths of the flesh and the wedding.
I'm resigned to losing the habit
of my manner of being,
but not the desrtion
preserved in the verb to be.

I will lose the habit of using my body,
giving birth to a Prince Charming of verbs,
as the wolf loses the habit of being a wolf,
of hunger.

I will lose the habit of stars in the heavens
as frozen water loses the habit of snowflakes.
I will take my frozen body
and give it to the young goats that they might graze it.

It was my lot, and easily given,
to lose the habit of being a man.
To lose the habit of living,
I needed only death with murder.

I find it hardest to lose the habit of wolves.
they are alone and on the snow.
Surely I must lose the habit of loneliness.
Surely I must lose the habit of snow.

For what remains, time departs, time returns.

Distance

Distance is the cog wheel
on the haunted axle of my hearing,
grinding fine the deadened mind
of that unborn god
waiting to be caught
by the earth's blue speed,
and carrying in a handled urn
the plucked heart - ours,
it's beating, it's heard, it's beating, it's heard,
a sphere in wild growth -
the roads are wet with tears,
memory frail and elastic,
a sling for stones, a gondola
drowned in childlike Venices,
a tooth yanked from the cells with a string -
down the empty socket of Vesuvius. And you exist.

Sign 12

Little by little she became a word,
bundles of soul on the wind,
a dolphin in the clutches of my eyebrows,
a stone provoking rings in water,
a star inside my knww,
a sky inside my shoulder,
and I inside I.

Knot 19

Be aware that I can kill,
that I can crush with my heel the sweet head
of the peaceful rising star,
because of this I've turned to painting houses!

Be aware that I take no pity on myself,
that I mix my blood with birch trees!
I bring this to your attention with dispatch!
Watch what you do!

The hieroglyph

What loneliness
to find no meaning
when there is a meaning

And what loneliness
to be blind in the full light of day, -
and deaf, what loneliness,
amidst the swelling of a song

But not to understand
when there is no meaning,
and to be blind in the middle of the night,
and deaf when silence is complete, -
oh, loneliness within loneliness!

Of love

She remains bored and very beautiful
her black hair is angry,
her bright hand
for ages now has forgotten me, -
for ages too has forgotten itself,
hanging as it has from the neck of a chair.
In the lights I drown myself,
set my jaws against the coursing of the year.
I reveal my teeth to her
but she understands this is no smile-
sweet, illuminated creature
she reveals myself to me while
she remains bored and very beautiful
and for her alone I live
in the appalling world
of this inferior heaven.

Unwords

He offered me a leaf like a hand with fingers.
I offered him a hand like a leaf with teeth.
He offered me a branch like an arm.
I offered him my arm like a branch.
He tipped his trunk towards me
like a shoulder.
I tipped my shoulder to him
like a knotted trunk.
I could hear his sap quicken, beating
like blood.
He could hear my blood slacken like rising sap.
I passed through him.
He passed through me.
I remained a solitary tree.
He
a solitary man.

Sad love song

Only my life will die for me, in truth,
sometime.
Only the grass knows the taste of the earth.
In truth, only my blood misses
my heart when it leaves.
The air is tall, you are tall,
my sadness is tall.
There comes a time when horses die.
There comes a time when machines grow old.
There comes a time when cold rains fall,
and every woman wears your head-
and clothes.
There also comes a huge white bird
and lays the moon in the sky.

Season's end

I was so very aware
that the afternoon was dying in the domes,
and all around me sounds froze,

turned to winding pillars.

I was so very aware
that the undulant drift of scents
was collapsing into darkness,
and it seemed I had never tasted
the cold.

Suddenly
I awoke so far away
and strange,
wandering behind my face
as though I had hidden my feelings
in the senseless relief of the moon.

I was so very aware
that
I did not recognize you, and perhaps
you come, always,
every hour, every second,
moving through my vigil - then -
as through the spectre of a triumphal arch.

Sentimental story

Then we met more often.
I stood at one side of the hour,
you at the other,
like two handles of an amphora.
Only the words flew between us,
back and forth.
You could almost see their swirling,
and suddenly,
I would lower a knee,
and touch my elbow to the ground
to look at the grass, bent
by the falling of some word,
as though by the paw of a lion in flight.
The words spun between us,
back and forth,
and the more I loved you, the more
they continued, this whirl almost seen,
the structure of matter, the beginnings of things.

A Poem

Tell me, if I caught you one day
and kissed the sole of your foot,
wouldn't you limp a little then,
afraid to crush my kiss?...

WE HAVE TIME

By Octavian Paller

We have time for everything:
to sleep, to run from one place to another,
to regret having mistaken and to mistake again,
to judge the others and to forgive
ourselves,
we have time for reading and writing,
for making corrections to our texts, to regret ever having
written,
we have time to make projects and never
respect them,
we have time to make illusions and gamble
through their ashes later on.
We have time for ambitions and illnesses,
to blame it all on ambitions and details,
we have time to watch the clouds, advertisements or
some ordinary accident,
we have time to chase our wonders away
and to postpone the answers,
we have time to break a dream to pieces and then
to reinvent it,
we have time to make friends, lose them,
we have time to learn our lessons and then
forget them quickly afterwards,
we have time to be given gifts and not understand them.
We have time for them all.
But there is no time for just a drop of tenderness.
When we are about to get to that too – we die.
I have learned some things during my lifetime,
experiences that I am now sharing with you!!
I have learned that you cannot make somebody
love you;
All you can do is be the beloved one.

Everything else... depends on the others.
I have learned that, no matter how much I might care,
Others might not care at all.
I have learned that it could take years to earn somebody's confidence
And only a few seconds to lose it.,
I have learned that it is not WHAT you have in life,
But WHO is there for you to have.
I have learned that charms could be of use for only
About 15 minutes,
Afterwards, nevertheless, you had better know something.
I have learned that you should never compare yourself
to what others can do better than you,
but you what you can do yourself;
I have learned that what happens to the others is not as import as
what I can do to help;
I have learned that in whatever you might cut things,
They will always turn out to have two sides;
I have learned that when you have to depart from your dearest ones,
you should do it with the warmest words;
It could be the last time you see them.
I have learned that you could carry on for a long time
After stating you cannot take it anylonger;
I have learned that heroes are those who do what is right,
when the ought to,
regardless of the consequences;
I have learned that there are people who love you
But do not know how to show it;
I have learned that when I am upset I have
the RIGHT to be so
But I do not have the right to be mean as well;
I have learned that true friendship continues
to exist even when great distances are involved
And that goes for true love too.
I have learned that, if somebody does not love you
the way you might want to be loved,
It does not mean they do not love you with all their heart.
I have learned that no matter how good a friend might be to you,
They will inevitably hurt you from time to time
And you will have to forgive;
I have learned that it is not always enough to be
forgiven by others,
Sometimes you must learn how to forgive
your own self;
I have learned that, regardless of how much you might suffer,
The world will never cease running because of your pain.
I have learned that the past and circumstances

could alter your
personality,
But it is certainly YOU to be held responsible for what you become;
I have learned that, if two people argue, it does not mean
they do not love each other,
As well as their not arguing would not prove that they subsequently
are in love.
I have learned that you should sometimes put the person
in the first place
And not their deeds;
I have learned that two persons could be watching the very same thing
And perceive two totally different meanings;
I have learned that, in spite of any consequences,
Those who are fair and honest with themselves
reach higher peaks in life;
I have learned that one's life could be changed
in only a few hours' time
By people who might have never even known them;
I have learned that when you believe there is
nothing more you could offer,
You will always find the strength to help a friend
who in need.
I have learned that writing,
Just like speaking,
Could soothe your inner pain.
I have learned that the ones you hold dearest
Are taken away from you far too soon...
I have learned that it is far too difficult to realize
Where to draw the borders between kindness, not hurting the others
and firmly sustaining your ideas.
I have learned to love
In order to be loved in my turn.

Gelozie

de George Topârceanu

Dacă nu ne-am fi-ntâlnit
(Absolut din întâmplare),
Tu pe altul oarecare
Tot așa l-ai fi iubit.

Dacă nu-ți ieșeam în drum
Ai fi dat cu bucurie

Jealousy

by George Topârceanu

If you and I had never met
(Absolutely happenstance)
You'd have found perhaps romance
With some other guy, I bet.

If I hadn't crossed your way
You'd have offered happily
To a stranger, not to me,

Altuia străin, nu mie,
Mângâierile de-acum.

Ai avea și vreun copil
Care, poate (idiotul!),
Ar fi semănat în totul
Cu-acel tată imbecil.

Și așa... ce lucru mare
Că-ntr-o zi ne-am întâlnit
Și că-s foarte fericit, –
Absolut din întâmplare!

This affectionate display.

You'd most likely have a child
Who, (the idiot!) would look
Every cranny, every nook,
Like his dad, that imbecile.

And so...what a lucky chance
That the two of us should meet
And I'm happy and upbeat—
Absolutely happenstance!

CA NISIPUL FEMEILE SUNT
de Alexandru Andries

**Barbatii-s facuti din carne,
Femeile - din otel,
Ar fi trebuit sa fie invers,
Dar Dumnezeu mai greseste si el...**

**Femeile zic ca-s din carne,
Barbatii ca-s din otel,
Si de-aia e noaptea-ntuneric
Si viata e un hotel...**

**Ca nisipul femeile sînt,
Le ia pe sus orice boare de vînt
Si-napoi nu mai vin nicicînd...
Ca nisipul femeile sînt !**

**Au camere mari, cu multe oglinzi,
Ca-ntr-o plasa în ele te prinzi...
Cînd sub patura moale te-ntinzi
Nici nu stii cît de adînc te prinzi !**

**Au ochi sa te-opreasca,
Si-aceiasi ochi sa te goneasca
Curînd...
Ca nisipul femeile sînt...**

LIKE THE SAND ALL WOMEN ARE
by Alexandru Andries

**All men are made of flesh,
All women are made of steel,
It should have really been the other way,
But even God can err, and He will.**

**Women claim they're made of flesh,
And men, that they're made of steel,
And that's why the nights are so dark
And life is so surreal.**

**Like the sand all women are
Winds take them away up to a star
And they never return from afar
Just like the sand all women are.**

**They have lots of mirrors up in their room
Which weave you inside their silvery loom
And when you lie in the blanket's womb
You will get lost in their perfume.**

**Their eyes will seduce you
And the same eyes will chase you
Away...
Just like the sand all women are.**

EU NU CRED NICI ÎN IEHOVA
de Mihai Eminescu

MY FAITH IS NOT IN JEHOVAH
by Mihai Eminescu

Eu nu cred nici în Iehova,
Nici în Buddha-Sakya-Muni,
Nici în viață, nici în moarte,
Nici în stingere ca unii.

Visuri sunt și unul ș'altul,
Si tot una mi-este mie
De-oiu trăi în veci pe lume,
De-oiu muri în vecinicie.

Toate – aceste taine sfinte
Pentru om frânturi de limbă —
În zădar gândești, căci gândul,
Zău, nimic în lume schimbă.

Si fiindcă în nimica
Eu nu cred—o, dați-mi pace!
Fac astfel cum mie-mi pare
Si faceți precum vă place.

Nu mă 'ncântați nici cu clasici,
Nici cu stil curat și antic —
Toate-mi sunt de o potrivă,
Eu rămân ce-am fost:—romantic.

My faith is not in Jehovah,
Nor in Buddha-Sakya-Muni,
Nor in life or death, not even
In extinction, like some loony.
All of them are but a dream,
And it's all the same to me
Whether I will live forever,
Or I'll die for all eternity.
All these many hallowed secrets
Language crumbs and broken thought—
Think about it all you want, for
Thinking, sadly, changes naught.
And because there's really nothing
I believe in, let me be!
I will do as I will feel like,
And you'll do as you agree.
You can't try to sell me 'classics'
Or a style that's scrubbed pedantic,
I don't care for any of it—
I will always stay romantic

RISIPEI SE DEDA FLORARUL
de Lucian Blaga

Ne-om aminti candva tarziu
De-aceasta intamplare simpla
De-aceasta banca unde stam
Tampla fierbinte langa tampla.

De pe stamine de alun,
Din plopilor albi se cerne jarul.
Orice-nceput se vrea fecund,
Risipei se deda Florarul.

Polenul cade peste noi,
In preajma galbene troiene
Alcatuieste-n aur fin.
Pe umeri cade-ne si-n gene.

MAY GIVES ITSELF WITH SWEET ABANDON
by Lucian Blaga

We shall remember once, too late,
This simple happening, so fine,
This very bench where we are seated,
Your burning temple next to mine.
From hazel stamens, cinders fall
White as the poplars that they land on,
Beginnings want to be fecund,
May gives itself with sweet abandon.
The pollen falls on both of us,
Small mountains made of golden ashes
It forms around us, and it falls
On our shoulders and our lashes.
It falls into our mouths when speaking,
On eyes, when we are mute with wonder
And there's regret, but we don't know
Why it would tear us both asunder.
We shall remember once, too late,

Ne cade-n gura cand vorbim
Si-n ochi, cand nu gasim cuvantul.
Si nu stim ce pareri de rau
Ne tulbura piezis avantul.

Ne-om aminti candva tarziu
De-aceasta intamplare simpla
De-aceasta banca unde stam
Tampla fierbinte langa tampla.

Visand, intrezarim prin doruri –
Latente-n pulberi aurii
Paduri ce ar putea sa fie
Si niciodata nu vor fi.

This simple happening, so fine,
This very bench where we are seated
Your burning temple next to mine.
In dreams, through longings, we can see—
All latent in the dust of gold
These forests that perhaps could be—
But that will never, ever, grow.

OCTAVIAN PALER

Avem timp

Avem timp pentru toate.
Sa dormim, sa alergam in dreapta si-n
stanga,
sa regretam c-am gresit si sa gresim din
nou,
sa-i judecam pe altii si sa ne absolvim pe
noi insine,
avem timp sa citim si sa scriem,
sa corectam ce-am scris, sa regretam ce-
am scris,
avem timp sa facem proiecte si sa nu le
respectam,
avem timp sa ne facem iluzii si sa
rascolim prin cenusa lor mai tarziu.

Avem timp pentru ambitii si boli,
sa inovatim destinul si amanuntele,
avem timp sa privim norii, reclamele sau
un accident oarecare, avem
timp sa ne-alungam intrebarile, sa
amanam raspunsurile, avem timp sa
sfaramam un vis si sa-l reinventam, avem
timp sa ne facem prieteni,

OCTAVIAN PALER

We have time

We have time for everything
Sleep, run back and forth,
regret we made an error and err again
judge others and absolve ourselves,
we have time to read and write,
edit what we wrote, regret what we wrote,
we have time to make projects and never follow through
we have time to dwell in illusions and stir through
their ashes much later.

We have time for ambitions and diseases,
to blame destiny and details,
we have time to look at the clouds, at the ads, or some random
accident, we have time
to chase away our questions, postpone our answers, we have time
to crush a dream and reinvent it, we have time to make friends,
to lose them, we have time to take lessons and forget them
soon after, we have time to receive gifts and not understand them.
We have time for everything.

No time, though, for a little tenderness.

sa-i pierdem, avem timp sa primim lectii
si sa le uitam dupa-aceea, avem timp sa
primim daruri si sa nu le-ntelegem. Avem
timp pentru toate.

Nu e timp doar pentru putina tandrete.
Cand sa facem si asta, murim.

When we're about to do that, too, we die.

LISTA NOASTRA DE BUCATE

de Alexandru Andries
Parul blond taiat in scari,
Buzele cu tot cu nari
Sint desigur doar gustari—
Nu tin de foame.
Degetele tale toate
Sint ca sarea in bucate
Lasa-ma intins pe spate
Sa le gust pe saturate
Cind mi-e foame ca acum
Nu ma satur orisicum.
Limba ta ca o sageata
Sta invelita in sal de vata
Toata fum si miere toata
Daca mi-e foame.
Rasuflarea-ntretaiata
In pahar de sticla mata
Face pofta mai bogata
Daca o bei din git, deodata
Ochii intorsi spre vise,
Toate caile deschise.

La lumina grea de noapte
Sint pufosi ca niste soapte
Umerii, caise coapte
Care fac foame.
Si intre umeri si stomac
Doua dealuri tandre tac
Cum respiri, cum se prefac
In cornite tari de drac
Stim de asta numai noi
Felul intii, si felul doi.

Genunchii tai sint niste sfere
Rotunjite de placere
Au miros si gust de mere

OUR MENU

by Alexandru Andries

Golden hair with wavy trim,
Nostrils, lips, a bit of chin—
Appetizers on a whim
Can't fool my hunger.
Your long fingers, fine and shrill,
Are like spices on a grill
Let me taste them, have my fill,
While I'm lying down, at will
When I'm hungry like I'm now
I will take time, I know how.

Your tongue is pointed like an arrow
Wrapped in cotton candy, narrow,
It's all mist and honey marrow
If I'm hungry.
Your gasping breath just makes me bounce
As I'm drinking, ounce by ounce,
Gets my appetite to flounce
If I drink it all at once
Your eyes turned to dreaming
All the paths ahead are gleaming.

In the heavy moonlight glow
Sweet ripe apricots below
Shoulders whisper soft hello
They make me hungry again.
And between belly and shoulders
Two tender, soft and silent boulders
When you breathe, they rise and moan
And they harden like they're stone
Only we know this, of course,

Si iara mi-e foame.
Soldurile amindoua
Sint ca niste coji de oua
Care-ascund sub stropi de roua
Un secret de nota noua
Nota zece, domnilor,
Este pentru profesori.

The first course, the second course.

Your knees are two gentle spheres
Round with pleasure when I'm near,
They taste and smell like apples, dear,
And I'm hungry again.
Your hips are tender as they swell,
Gently curved like an egg shell
Hiding, under a dew bell
A sweet secret, kept so well-
We're the only ones to know
We won't tell, and we won't show.

You only live once, but if you work it right, once is enough.

I love my past. I love my present. I'm not ashamed of what I've had, and I'm not sad because I have it no longer.

- Colette

That it will never come again is what makes life so sweet.

- Emily Dickinson

http://www.coolnsmart.com/life_quotes/

- It's autumn again my love ...
my heart's not ready
for the harsh nights of snow and ice ...
Please cover it ... with anything ...
maybe with the shadow of a tree
or maybe with yours,
it's still so warm from summer ...

I am afraid
that I'll no longer be able to see you
Because my sharp wings will take me
up to the sky
Then you will hide behind a stranger's eye
Its closing eyelid a falling leaf
And I'll no longer be able to see you ...

- And when you'll be gone
I'll be alone with all my feelings still intact
Will just sit, speechless, next to a rock on the shore
And will drown all the words into the sea
And I'll whistle the moon to rise
- And I'll morph it into an immense love.

Walking Around by Pablo Neruda

It so happens I am sick of being a man.
And it happens that I walk into tailor shops and movie
houses
dried up, waterproof, like a swan made of felt
steering my way in a water of wombs and ashes.

The smell of barbershops makes me break into hoarse
sobs.
The only thing I want is to lie still like stones or wool.
The only thing I want is to see no more stores, no gardens,
no more goods, no spectacles, no elevators.

It so happens that I am sick of my feet and my nails
and my hair and my shadow.
It so happens I am sick of being a man.

Still it would be marvelous
to terrify a law clerk with a cut lily,
or kill a nun with a blow on the ear.
It would be great
to go through the streets with a green knife
letting out yells until I died of the cold.

I don't want to go on being a root in the dark,
insecure, stretched out, shivering with sleep,
going on down, into the moist guts of the earth,
taking in and thinking, eating every day.

I don't want so much misery.
I don't want to go on as a root and a tomb,
alone under the ground, a warehouse with corpses,
half frozen, dying of grief.

That's why Monday, when it sees me coming
with my convict face, blazes up like gasoline,
and it howls on its way like a wounded wheel,
and leaves tracks full of warm blood leading toward the
night.

And it pushes me into certain corners, into some moist
houses,
into hospitals where the bones fly out the window,
into shoeshops that smell like vinegar,
and certain streets hideous as cracks in the skin.

There are sulphur-colored birds, and hideous intestines
hanging over the doors of houses that I hate,
and there are false teeth forgotten in a coffeepot,
there are mirrors
that ought to have wept from shame and terror,
there are umbrellas everywhere, and venoms, and umbilical
cords.

I stroll along serenely, with my eyes, my shoes,
my rage, forgetting everything,
I walk by, going through office buildings and orthopedic
shops,
and courtyards with washing hanging from the line:
underwear, towels and shirts from which slow
dirty tears are falling.

I Am Not Yours by Sara Teasdale

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Oh plunge me deep in love -- put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.

a pretty a day by E. E. Cummings

a pretty a day
(and every fades)
is here and away
(but born are maids
to flower an hour
in all,all)

o yes to flower
until so blithe

a doer a wooer
some limber and lithe
some very fine mower
a tall;tall

some jerry so very
(and nellie and fan)
some handsomest harry
(and sally and nan
they tremble and cower
so pale:pale)

for betty was born
to never say nay
but lucy could learn
and lily could pray
and fewer were shyer
than doll. doll

If those I loved were lost by Emily Dickinson

If those I loved were lost
The Crier's voice would tell me --
If those I loved were found
The bells of Ghent would ring --

Did those I loved repose
The Daisy would impel me.
Philip -- when bewildered
Bore his riddle in!

Between going and staying the day wavers, by Octavio Paz

Between going and staying the day wavers,
in love with its own transparency.
The circular afternoon is now a bay
where the world in stillness rocks.

All is visible and all elusive,
all is near and can't be touched.

Paper, book, pencil, glass,
rest in the shade of their names.

Time throbbing in my temples repeats
the same unchanging syllable of blood.

The light turns the indifferent wall
into a ghostly theater of reflections.

I find myself in the middle of an eye,

watching myself in its blank stare.

The moment scatters. Motionless,
I stay and go: I am a pause.

I Do Not Love You Except Because I Love You by Pablo Neruda

I do not love you except because I love you;
I go from loving to not loving you,
From waiting to not waiting for you
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;
I hate you deeply, and hating you
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing love for you
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume
My heart with its cruel
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who
Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because I love you,
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

Love Sonnet XVII by Pablo Neruda

I do not love you as if you were a salt rose, or topaz
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;
So I love you because I know no other way

than this: where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.

If You Forget Me by Pablo Neruda

I want you to know
one thing.

You know how this is:
if I look
at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,
if I touch
near the fire

the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.

If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.

But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine

Morning (Love Sonnet XXVII) by Pablo Neruda

Naked you are simple as one of your hands;
Smooth, earthy, small, transparent, round.
You've moon-lines, apple pathways
Naked you are slender as a naked grain of wheat.

Naked you are blue as a night in Cuba;
You've vines and stars in your hair.
Naked you are spacious and yellow
As summer in a golden church.

Naked you are tiny as one of your nails;
Curved, subtle, rosy, till the day is born
And you withdraw to the underground world.

As if down a long tunnel of clothing and of chores;
Your clear light dims, gets dressed, drops its leaves,
And becomes a naked hand again.

Walking Around by Pablo Neruda

It so happens I am sick of being a man.
And it happens that I walk into tailorshops and movie
houses
dried up, waterproof, like a swan made of felt
steering my way in a water of wombs and ashes.

The smell of barbershops makes me break into hoarse
sobs.
The only thing I want is to lie still like stones or wool.
The only thing I want is to see no more stores, no gardens,
no more goods, no spectacles, no elevators.

It so happens that I am sick of my feet and my nails
and my hair and my shadow.
It so happens I am sick of being a man.

Still it would be marvelous
to terrify a law clerk with a cut lily,
or kill a nun with a blow on the ear.
It would be great
to go through the streets with a green knife
letting out yells until I died of the cold.

I don't want to go on being a root in the dark,
insecure, stretched out, shivering with sleep,
going on down, into the moist guts of the earth,
taking in and thinking, eating every day.

I don't want so much misery.
I don't want to go on as a root and a tomb,
alone under the ground, a warehouse with corpses,
half frozen, dying of grief.

That's why Monday, when it sees me coming
with my convict face, blazes up like gasoline,
and it howls on its way like a wounded wheel,
and leaves tracks full of warm blood leading toward the
night.

And it pushes me into certain corners, into some moist
houses,
into hospitals where the bones fly out the window,
into shoeshops that smell like vinegar,
and certain streets hideous as cracks in the skin.

There are sulphur-colored birds, and hideous intestines
hanging over the doors of houses that I hate,
and there are false teeth forgotten in a coffeepot,
there are mirrors
that ought to have wept from shame and terror,
there are umbrellas everywhere, and venoms, and umbilical
cords.

I stroll along serenely, with my eyes, my shoes,
my rage, forgetting everything,
I walk by, going through office buildings and orthopedic
shops,
and courtyards with washing hanging from the line:
underwear, towels and shirts from which slow
dirty tears are falling.

Saddest Poem by Pablo Neruda

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.

Write, for instance: "The night is full of stars,
and the stars, blue, shiver in the distance."

The night wind whirls in the sky and sings.

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

On nights like this, I held her in my arms.
I kissed her so many times under the infinite sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her.
How could I not have loved her large, still eyes?

I can write the saddest poem of all tonight.
To think I don't have her. To feel that I've lost her.

To hear the immense night, more immense without her.
And the poem falls to the soul as dew to grass.

What does it matter that my love couldn't keep her.
The night is full of stars and she is not with me.

That's all. Far away, someone sings. Far away.
My soul is lost without her.

As if to bring her near, my eyes search for her.
My heart searches for her and she is not with me.

The same night that whitens the same trees.
We, we who were, we are the same no longer.

I no longer love her, true, but how much I loved her.
My voice searched the wind to touch her ear.

Someone else's. She will be someone else's. As she once

belonged to my kisses.
Her voice, her light body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, true, but perhaps I love her.
Love is so short and oblivion so long.

Because on nights like this I held her in my arms,
my soul is lost without her.

Although this may be the last pain she causes me,
and this may be the last poem I write for her.

Tonight I Can Write by Pablo Neruda

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, 'The night is starry
and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance.'

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.
I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.
How could one not have loved her great still eyes.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.
And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her.
The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.
My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer.
My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.
We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.
My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.
Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms
my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain that she makes me suffer
and these the last verses that I write for her.

I Like For You To Be Still by Pablo Neruda

I like for you to be still
It is as though you are absent
And you hear me from far away
And my voice does not touch you
It seems as though your eyes had flown away
And it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth
As all things are filled with my soul
You emerge from the things
Filled with my soul
You are like my soul
A butterfly of dream
And you are like the word: Melancholy

I like for you to be still
And you seem far away
It sounds as though you are lamenting
A butterfly cooing like a dove
And you hear me from far away
And my voice does not reach you
Let me come to be still in your silence
And let me talk to you with your silence
That is bright as a lamp
Simple, as a ring
You are like the night
With its stillness and constellations
Your silence is that of a star
As remote and candid

I like for you to be still
It is as though you are absent
Distant and full of sorrow
So you would've died
One word then, One smile is enough
And I'm happy;
Happy that it's not true

A Song Of Despair by Pablo Neruda

The memory of you emerges from the night around me.
The river mingles its stubborn lament with the sea.

Deserted like the dwarves at dawn.
It is the hour of departure, oh deserted one!

Cold flower heads are raining over my heart.
Oh pit of debris, fierce cave of the shipwrecked.

In you the wars and the flights accumulated.
From you the wings of the song birds rose.

You swallowed everything, like distance.
Like the sea, like time. In you everything sank!

It was the happy hour of assault and the kiss.
The hour of the spell that blazed like a lighthouse.

Pilot's dread, fury of blind driver,
turbulent drunkenness of love, in you everything sank!

In the childhood of mist my soul, winged and wounded.
Lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

You girdled sorrow, you clung to desire,
sadness stunned you, in you everything sank!

I made the wall of shadow draw back,
beyond desire and act, I walked on.

Oh flesh, my own flesh, woman whom I loved and lost,
I summon you in the moist hour, I raise my song to you.

Like a jar you housed infinite tenderness.
and the infinite oblivion shattered you like a jar.

There was the black solitude of the islands,
and there, woman of love, your arms took me in.

There was thirst and hunger, and you were the fruit.
There were grief and ruins, and you were the miracle.

Ah woman, I do not know how you could contain me
in the earth of your soul, in the cross of your arms!

How terrible and brief my desire was to you!
How difficult and drunken, how tensed and avid.

Cemetery of kisses, there is still fire in your tombs,
still the fruited boughs burn, pecked at by birds.

Oh the bitten mouth, oh the kissed limbs,
oh the hungering teeth, oh the entwined bodies.

Oh the mad coupling of hope and force
in which we merged and despaired.

And the tenderness, light as water and as flour.
And the word scarcely begun on the lips.

This was my destiny and in it was my voyage of my longing,
and in it my longing fell, in you everything sank!

Oh pit of debris, everything fell into you,
what sorrow did you not express, in what sorrow are you not drowned!

From billow to billow you still called and sang.
Standing like a sailor in the prow of a vessel.

You still flowered in songs, you still broke the currents.
Oh pit of debris, open and bitter well.

Pale blind diver, luckless slinger,
lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

It is the hour of departure, the hard cold hour
which the night fastens to all the timetables.

The rustling belt of the sea girdles the shore.
Cold stars heave up, black birds migrate.

Deserted like the wharves at dawn.
Only tremulous shadow twists in my hands.

Oh farther than everything. Oh farther than everything.

It is the hour of departure. Oh abandoned one!

Don't Go Far Off, Not Even For A Day by Pablo Neruda

Don't go far off, not even for a day, because --
because -- I don't know how to say it: a day is long
and I will be waiting for you, as in an empty station
when the trains are parked off somewhere else, asleep.

Don't leave me, even for an hour, because
then the little drops of anguish will all run together,
the smoke that roams looking for a home will drift
into me, choking my lost heart.

Oh, may your silhouette never dissolve on the beach;
may your eyelids never flutter into the empty distance.
Don't leave me for a second, my dearest,

because in that moment you'll have gone so far
I'll wander mazedly over all the earth, asking,
Will you come back? Will you leave me here, dying?

Love by Pablo Neruda

What's wrong with you, with us,
what's happening to us?
Ah our love is a harsh cord
that binds us wounding us
and if we want
to leave our wound,
to separate,
it makes a new knot for us and condemns us
to drain our blood and burn together.

What's wrong with you? I look at you
and I find nothing in you but two eyes
like all eyes, a mouth
lost among a thousand mouths that I have kissed, more beautiful,
a body just like those that have slipped
beneath my body without leaving any memory.

And how empty you went through the world
like a wheat-colored jar
without air, without sound, without substance!
I vainly sought in you
depth for my arms
that dig, without cease, beneath the earth:
beneath your skin, beneath your eyes,
nothing,
beneath your double breast scarcely
raised
a current of crystalline order
that does not know why it flows singing.
Why, why, why,
my love, why?

Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe.”

Without music, life would be a mistake.”

— [Friedrich Nietzsche](#)

The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. And the opposite of life is not death, it's indifference.”

— [Elie Wiesel](#)

A day without laughter is a day wasted.”

— [Charles Chaplin](#)

“It is hard enough to remember my opinions, without also remembering my reasons for them!”

— [Friedrich Nietzsche](#)

“A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feeling as something separated from the rest, a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.”

— [Albert Einstein](#)

Do not fear to be eccentric in opinion, for every opinion now accepted was once eccentric.”

— [Bertrand Russell](#)

The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious - the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science.”

— [Albert Einstein](#), [Albert Einstein](#)

Simplicity, patience, compassion.

These three are your greatest treasures.

Simple in actions and thoughts, you return to the source of being.

Patient with both friends and enemies,

you accord with the way things are.

Compassionate toward yourself,

you reconcile all beings in the world.”

— [Lao Tzu](#),

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

— [William Shakespeare](#), [Hamlet](#)

Wise men speak because they have something to say; fools because they have to say something.”

— [Plato](#)

Fantasy is escapist, and that is its glory. If a soldier is imprisoned by the enemy, don't we consider it his duty to escape? . . . If we value the freedom of mind and soul, if we're partisans of liberty, then it's our plain duty to escape, and to take as many people with us as we can!”

— [J. R. R. Tolkien](#)

A truth that's told with bad intent

Beats all the lies you can invent.”

— [William Blake](#), [Auguries of innocence](#)

“You only live twice:

Once when you're born

And once when you look death in the face.”

— [Ian Fleming](#), [You Only Live Twice](#)

The important thing is not to stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existing.”

— [Albert Einstein](#)

Nothing, Everything, Anything, Something: If you have nothing, then you have everything, because you have the freedom to do anything, without the fear of losing something.”

“I cannot teach anybody anything. I can only make them think”

— [Socrates](#)

Tiger got to hunt, bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder 'why, why, why?'
Tiger got to sleep, bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.”

I know that pain is the most important thing in the universes. Greater than survival, greater than love, greater even than the beauty it brings about. For without pain, there can be no pleasure. Without sadness, there can be no happiness. Without misery there can be no beauty. And without these, life is endless, hopeless, doomed and damned.

Adult. You have become adult.”

— [Harlan Ellison](#), *[Paingod and Other Delusions](#)*

“I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye, and you will say nothing. Words are the source of misunderstandings.” -from the Fox-

— [Antoine de Saint-Exupéry](#), *[The Little Prince](#)*

“We are addicted to our thoughts. We cannot change anything if we cannot change our thinking.”

— [Santosh Kalwar](#),

Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding... And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy”

— [Khalil Gibran](#)

Happiness consists in frequent repetition of pleasure”

— [Arthur Schopenhauer](#)

The true man wants two things: danger and play. For that reason he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.”

— [Friedrich Nietzsche](#)

Man is a mystery. It needs to be unravelled, and if you spend your whole life unravelling it, don't say that you've wasted time. I am studying that mystery because I want to be a human being.”

— [Fyodor Dostoyevsky](#)

Feathers filled the small room. Our laughter kept the feathers in the air. I thought about birds. Could they fly is there wasn't someone, somewhere, laughing?"

— [Jonathan Safran](#)

Take it easy, but take it."

— [Woody Guthrie](#)

"There are no ordinary moments."

— [Dan Millman](#),

Inevitably anyone with an independent mind must become 'one who resists or opposes authority or established conventions': a rebel. If enough people come to agree with, and follow, the Rebel, we now have a Devil. Until, of course, still more people agree. And then, finally, we have --- Greatness."

— [Aleister Crowley](#)

The seed of suffering in you may be strong, but don't wait until you have no more suffering before allowing yourself to be happy."

The inner fire is the most important thing mankind possesses

Our ability to adapt is amazing. Our ability to change isn't quite as spectacular

Until the day when God shall deign to reveal the future to man, all human wisdom is summed up in these two words,-Wait and hope Dumas

"Don't be so humble - you are not that great